

## MAN'S FASTEST MILE

Glenn H. Curtiss Made it in  
26 2-5 Seconds

Great Meet of Aviators in Raleigh,  
Nov. 16-17, Causing Public to Read  
Up on Daring Navigation of the Air.

While Glenn H. Curtiss, under whose auspices Raleigh is to have a great meeting of flying machines, November 16th and 17th, is most known to the public as an aviator, he has another world's record to his credit which is liable to stand for a long time. It is having made the fastest mile ever traveled by a human being except, perhaps, some unfortunate individual who was dropped over a cliff and did not live to tell of it.

At Ormond Beach, Florida, in 1906, he traveled a mile in 26 2-5 seconds. This feat, since termed the "famous Curtiss mile," was accomplished with a motor cycle equipped with a 40-horse-power motor. Curtiss was exclusively in the motor-cycle business at that time and he wanted a record for his machine that would stand. There was nobody he could trust to make the record but himself, and he started out to set a figure that would keep the makers of world's records busy for some time.

His machine was in a class by itself, and he simply went after the mile record and got it without any qualifications. It is the record. It has stood for four years and there is apparently no likelihood of lowering it. He had a flying start and when he crossed the line at the beginning of the mile straight-away, he was going so fast that if the machine had possessed very small planes it would have flown. He was over the finish almost before the timers were ready for him, and he had to travel another mile before he could slow up.

Curtiss does not look like an athlete, but he is one. He is a tall, apparently loose-jointed fellow, very quiet and seemingly quick in his movements, but he has the natural adaptability and resourcefulness of the trained athlete and he has the nerve to take chances, always taking them, however, with his eyes wide open.

One of his friends who saw the first flights of the now classic "June Bug," Curtiss' first flying machine, at Hammondsport, said that there was one piece of ground the machine had to cross in flying over the experimental grounds where the real flying was done. This was over a vineyard and he said there was always an upward current of air there so that in crossing it, the machine invariably put up her nose and began to climb. He said he had seen Curtiss often leave his seat and crawl out on the forward rudder and hold it down till this spot was passed and then climb back to his seat.

That is just a sample of the nerve that an aviator has always to be willing to display, but there is a difference between willingness to do it and the ability not only to do it, but to see when it is necessary. Curtiss says he never takes chances, and that probably is true in a way. He admits that he sometimes does hazardous things, but he says that when he does them they are necessary and therefore are not chances.

## THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM

(Continued from page fifteen.)

and the water comes from a court in which there is well or cistern. This well may be used by a half dozen different families, and its surroundings are unsanitary to an extreme.

On the door posts of each of these dwellings, whether it be of one room or more, is tacked up a roll of white parchment six inches long. This contains the name of Jehovah and the Ten Commandments. Every Jew here wears the commandments tied upon his arm under his coat, and some have phylacteries about their foreheads.

## Waiting the Loss of the Temple.

It is on the edge of this Jewish quarter, just below the Mosque of Omar, where Solomon's Temple once stood, that the Jews come weekly to sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem and pray God to give the land back to them. The custom has been observed since the middle ages, and it is still celebrated every Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. It takes place in a narrow alley surrounded by miserable houses. One side of this alley is walled with great blocks of limestone, which forms part of the temple area. Against this wall about fifty men and women were leaning when I visited the place last week. They had their heads bowed, and many of them shook with emotion as they prayed, sobbed and wailed. The most of them were old, and the long curly locks which fell down in front of their ears were of silver. Others were just in their prime. There were also young men and young girls. Not a few of the male mourners wore European clothes, and I saw one woman wailing in a hat

and gown of Parisian construction. Most of the women, however, were dressed in Jewish costume with shawls wrapped around their heads.

Each of the mourners had a book in his hand and read the Lamentations of Jeremiah, swaying back and forth as he did so. Now and then the whole party broke out into a chant, a gray-haired rabbi acting as leader and the rest coming in on the refrain. The substance of one of the chants was as follows:

"O Lord, we pray Thee have mercy on Zion. Gather the children of Jerusalem together! May the kingdom soon return to Zion! Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem. And let the branch of Jesse spring up in Zion."

## Schools and Hospitals.

The Jews of other lands are liberal in their gifts to the Jews of Palestine. They have established schools and hospitals in and about Jerusalem, and have agricultural colonies scattered over the country. These colonies already comprise 5,000 members, and they own something like a hundred thousand acres of land. Some are in Galilee, some in Judea and a very large one is not far from the seaport of Jaffa.

The latter is known as the Rishon le Zion. It supports a village of 500 people, who cultivate 2,500 acres of rich vineyards and orchards. This colony annually makes millions of gallons of wine and it has a large export of Jaffa oranges. It was founded by the Rothschilds and afterward managed by the Hirsch colonization fund. It is now said to be run at a profit. The other colonies are similar to it, and some of them nearly as large. Each has a school, a drug store, a hospital and a synagogue.

The Sir Moses Montefiore colonies and schools here at Jerusalem are doing good work, and the French-Jewish Society, which has a million members, is now maintaining 140 schools, including manual training schools for girls and boys. If the students do well they are given a capital to start out with and are established in little shops of their own. In some of these schools the children are so poor that they are furnished one meal a day, and one suit of clothes every year.

In addition to the above there are many other sources from which money comes here. There is one fund collected from the synagogues of the United States, which is regularly sent from New York to the Holy Land. It is contributed to by Jews all over our country. I understand that there is some question as to whether this fund is as well managed as it should be, and it is said that our consul has been asked to investigate its distribution. There are so many Jews here that the money sent should reach the right parties.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## MY BOOKS.

My books are my companions in my dreams.  
Or when half wakeful on my couch I lie,  
What dear and cherished intimates have I,  
At hour of midnight or ere morning gleams,  
In faith the world of Fiction almost seems  
More real to me than countries I descry.  
Smiling and fair, beneath our vault of sky,  
A silent host before my visions streams.

Inhabitants of goodly Dickensland;  
Newcombe, Poe, Esmond (though I name but few);  
Women and men Sir Walter's eye saw clear;  
The rare creations of George Elliot's hand;  
The gentle folk that dear Jane Austen knew;  
And they who dwelt in sunny Barsetshire.

## II.

The heroines and heroes have their place,  
Yet 'tis not Fiction only yields me friends.  
My spirit eye, ere slumber soft descends,  
Ranging without restraint through time and space,  
Of books beloved on every hand sees trace.  
This one a greeting, that a message sends;  
Vague memory with clear perception blends;  
I look upon my favorites face to face.

Like friends in books no other friends have I,  
When journeying far I leave them not behind.  
On open roads and in secluded nooks,  
Essays that charm, dear poets' melody  
Lives, letters, quests, enchain and throng the mind.  
Would heaven be heaven without my well-loved books?  
—A. Emerson Palmer.

A man with a low voice and a quiet manner accomplishes the most work on a farm, and keeps his stock in the best condition.

There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.—Edward Everett.

GREAT MEET OF MEN  
BIRDS AT RALEIGH

Sensational Aeroplane  
Flights are Promised

DATES 16-17 OF NOVEMBER

Raleigh is the Only City in the State  
to Have Two Great Curtiss Aero-  
plane Two-Days' Meet, and to Have  
One of America's Pioneer Aviators,  
Who Will Make a Series of Daring  
Flights in His Curtiss Biplane.

Sensational aeroplane flights are promised in Raleigh November 16th and 17th, beginning the Aviation Meet, when J. A. D. McCurdy, one of America's pioneer aviators, will make a series of flights in his Curtiss biplane.

Aside from Glenn H. Curtiss and the Wright Brothers, Mr. McCurdy has had a larger and more valuable flying experience than any other aviator, having made one of the first public flights in the United States, besides being the first man to fly an aeroplane in Canada, where he still holds the records for distance and duration of flight. It is to ride with McCurdy that the majority of requests thus far show preference, except Mr. Curtiss himself.

He was associated with Glenn H. Curtiss when the Hammondsport man was making his first experiments in aeronautics in the Aerial Experiment Association, of which both were members. McCurdy made his first flight in a machine heavier than air as far back as May 23, 1908, when he flew the "White Wing," the second machine built by the association. Later he operated the "June Bug," the first machine designed by Glenn H. Curtiss, which made successful flights from the first trial, and with which Mr. Curtiss won the Scientific American trophy for that year.

In December of 1908 the association built the "Silver Dart" on specifications furnished by McCurdy, and he made a number of successful flights, the first in his own machine being on December 6. Since that time he has built and flown other machines at Baedek, Nova Scotia, at the experimental headquarters of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

McCurdy is a young engineer, who, with F. W. Baldwin, was engaged by Dr. Bell to build a tetrahedral tower on his Baedek estate for use in his kite experiments. Before this work was completed, a strong friendship existed between Dr. Bell and the two young engineers.

The younger men showed a keen interest in the experiments of the inventor and discussed aeronautic problems with him, showing such enthusiasm that Mrs. Bell suggested the forming of an experiment association,

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which she promised to finance for a year.

The association was formed with Dr. Bell chairman and Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, a young army enthusiast who joined in the experimental work as special detached duty, as secretary. Because of his knowledge of motors and special construction work, Curtiss was invited to join, and was made director of experiments.

It was planned that each member should design a machine which should be built by the association. The first machine, "Red Wing," was designed by Lieutenant Selfridge. The "White Wing," designed by Baldwin, followed, and in this McCurdy made his first flight.

Following the "White Wing," Curtiss designed and superintended the construction of the "June Bug," with which McCurdy made a number of flights, and the "Silver Dart," designed by McCurdy, was the last machine built by the association.

## THE DEMOCRATIC LANDSLIDE.

## A Jacksonian Forecast.

(New York World.)

Can't you hear it as it rumbles  
'Cross the old Green Mountain State?  
They have felt it in New Hampshire  
It is coming sure as fate.  
And when once it gets a-going  
Its momentum none can stay—  
The Democratic landslide  
Which is surely on the way.

It always gives a warning  
Just before it starts to slide.  
And the path it leaves behind it  
Is about as long and wide  
As the whole United States is  
If you measured it today—  
The Democratic landslide  
Which is getting under way.

The insurgents tried to stop it,  
But they started in too late,  
For the ground is getting shaky  
Out in every Western State.  
And no matter how they fight it,  
And no matter what they say,  
The Democratic landslide  
Is already on the way.

Oh, good-by Mr. Aldrich  
And good-by to "Uncle Joe,"  
Good-by to trusts and bosses,  
For they too have got to go.  
And the G. O. P. will R. I. P.  
When on election day  
The Democratic landslide  
Sweeps across the U. S. A.  
RICHARD LINTHICUM

## NO PLACE FOR HIM.

He kept a-prophecy in 'snow 'til cold  
was on the rise,  
An' the folks prayed for a blizzard to  
blow him to the skies.  
To blow him,  
To show him  
A sudden way to rise.

At last their prayers were answered;  
A blizzard chilled the air,  
An' whirled him up to glory, but they  
didn't want him there!  
It shook him—  
It took him,  
But they didn't want him there!  
—F. L. Stanton

## Emerson and the Washerwoman.

(The Christian Herald.)

A poor washerwoman in Concord was seen to be hurrying her work and rolling down her sleeves considerably before her usual hour for leaving.

"I'm going out," she informed her employer, with a pleased and rather consequential air.

"Where are you going Bridget?"

"To hear Mr. Emerson lecture."

"Why, he is very deep, Bridget. Most of us can't understand him very well."

"Oh, I don't understand him, much, but I like to see him stand up there and talk as if he thought everybody else was as good as he was."

The great philosopher was absolutely free from pride and he made his hearers realize his perfect democracy of feeling.

A similar story is told of Philip Brooks, another large-hearted man. A poor scrubwoman once asked him if he would allow her daughter to be married in the chapel, "because," said she, "the big church is not for the likes of me."

"Oh, yes, it is," he replied promptly. "It is for the likes of you and the likes of me and the likes of everybody."